

Oct. 26/82

Dear Bright,

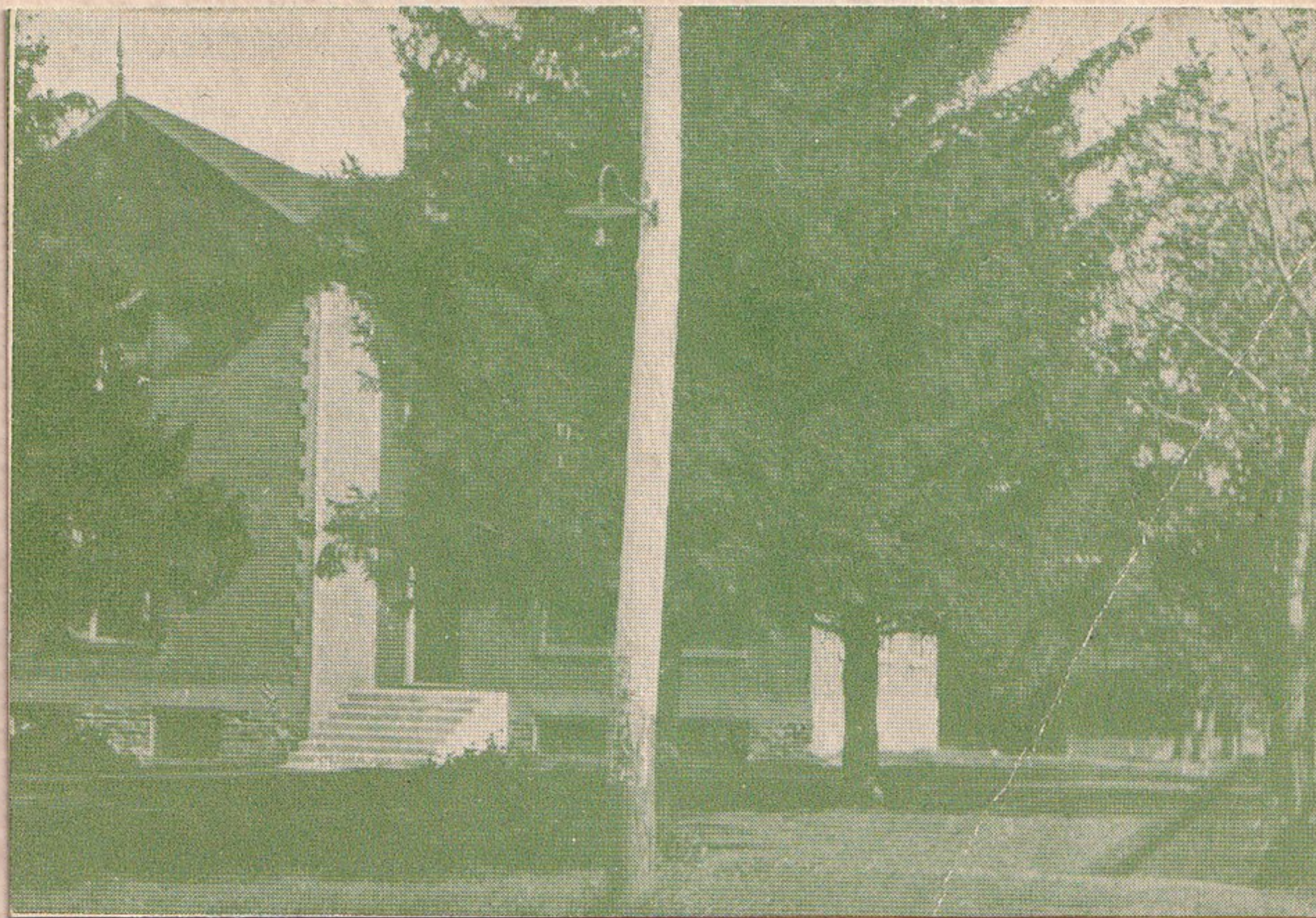
A friend of mine, Barbara
Payne (Barbara Grainger Class of 1948)
gave me these to send to the
School library for the reunion
& to keep afterwards. In the
general confusion I did not
send them.

They are quite interesting I
think.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Mustard

SOUVENIR NUMBER

The Weston High School
FOLIO



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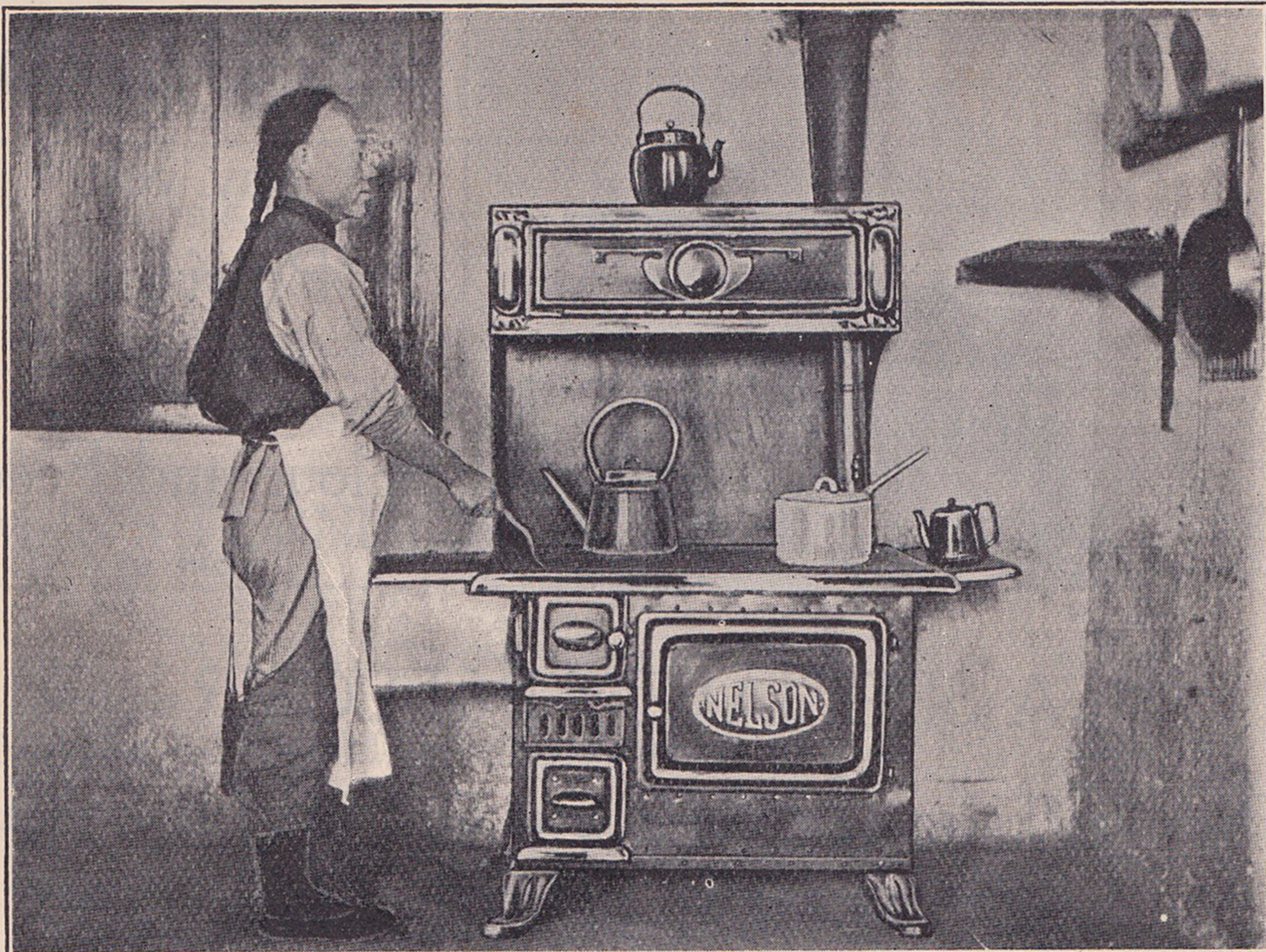
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SOUVENIR NUMBER

The Weston High School Folio

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Editor, JOHN N. H. MILLS

Assistant Editor, ARNOLD R. SMITH

Committee of Management

W. ROWNTREE

MISS V. COULTER

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Editorial Comment

“Our High School Paper.”

Some four or five years ago, our High School had a Literary Society, and a High School paper in connection, called the High School Budget. They had a souvenir number of The Budget printed, and that is the only remembrance we have of the Literary Society outside the tales of the ex-pupils.

We have now a Literary Society, which would be a credit to a much larger school, and also a high-school paper called The High School Folio. As a record and reminder of the Literary Society we have had a souvenir number of our school paper printed. A school paper is a very important factor in school work, as our Folio has proven to be this winter. It is devoted to Education, Literature, the presentation of school news, and the diffusion of useful information. It develops the literary and journalistic talents of the pupils of the school, teaching the young and inexperienced to write clearly, convincingly and entertainingly, which renders assistance to the other lines of work. It forms a bond of union among the pupils of the school which cannot otherwise be accomplished. It also forms a part of our monthly literary program.

Our High School paper is a school journal of but a year's standing; it was organized at the same time as our Literary Society, and as you can see that we are young and inexperienced in the work, it will not be necessary to ask you not to criticise us too closely and overlook any mistakes which may be found.

This is our Souvenir Number, which we hope will be to many, a pleasant reminder of school days, and also serve as a greeting from the school to its outside friends. We take great pleasure in expressing our sincere thanks to all those who have in any way assisted us in this undertaking and more especially to our kind friends who have used our columns as an advertising medium. We ask our readers to patronize those who have lent us their aid, and thus help those who have helped us.

“Our New High School.”

In a growing town like Weston, there is, perhaps, nothing more important than a good High School. When strangers come to town we are ashamed to show them the dilapidated building which we now use as our High School. Doubtless it served the purpose very well many years ago, when there were about thirty pupils attending. Now, however, we are greatly in need of a new building. The average attendance last November was one-hundred and eight, and there is every probability of a much larger attendance next September. Even now a fourth teacher is needed, for the first form should certainly be divided. But where is the room for another form? All the rooms in the school are occupied, and a fourth form could not be started without great inconvenience to both teachers and pupils.

Many people are under the impression that the High School is not progressing. It is true we have been rather unfortunate, and some of our pupils have gone to West Toronto. A few, also, have returned, while others, we hear it rumoured, have many times wished themselves back. There is no doubt that any loss the school has suffered will be very quickly made up with increased accommodation and an additional teacher. With crowded rooms the school is not likely to be on the Inspector's "approved list," a place on which it has so far fortunately held. If it were not approved, the pupils leaving here to enter Normal would have to try an examination on much of the lower school work, which would make their course much harder. Something must be done to avoid this.

Let us suppose the cost of a new school to be \$20,000. This money would be raised from the town by the issue of debentures for, say, thirty years. At 4 per cent. the annual payment to meet these debentures would be \$1,156.60. At 4½ per cent. the annual payment would be \$1,091.40, and at 5 per cent. it would be \$1,040.80. Surely this would not be too great an undertaking for Weston. The fees from last year amounted to \$860. If the attendance were to be double what it is now, that is, if it were two hundred, as it would soon be with a new school, the extra fees alone would almost pay for the school. Then again, with a better school, the government grant would be greater, and although the teachers' salaries were increased, still the taxes which the town would have to pay on the new building would not be very great. The increased tax on an assessment of \$1,000 would not at the most exceed \$2.00. Is a new High School, then, an impossibility? Most assuredly we say, No!

We take this opportunity of publicly expressing our appreciation of the faithful and efficient work done in the Weston High School by ex-Principal A. L. Campbell. During his term as principal the school has advanced by leaps and bounds in attendance, in success by examination standards, and in good reputation throughout the country. While we congratulate Mr. Campbell on his promotion and York on its excellent inspector, we cannot but feel that as a school we have suffered a great loss.

A Review of the Literary's Society's Work 1909-10.

The School Literary Society was re-organized on October 15, 1909, under the name of "The Weston High School Literary and Scientific Society." The object of the society was to serve as a bond of union among the students, to develop in them capacity for public speaking and the public transaction of business, and at the same time to promote the best interests of the school. When the officers had been elected, a constitution was drawn up and the management of the society placed in the hands of the Executive Committee.

The first meeting was held on October 29 in the first form, which scarcely afforded enough room to accommodate one hundred members. The main feature on the program was an interform debate between the picked speakers from the second and third forms on the subject, "Resolved that the Platform has more Influence than the Press." It was the most interesting debate heard in the High School for several years. After due consideration the judges decided in favor of the second form. When the debate had ended the first number of "The High School Folio," was read, and the meeting adjourned.

The November meeting was devoted to the particular study of one of our Canadian authors, **Chas. G. D. Roberts**. One of the members gave a talk on the author's life, and several others gave readings from his works.

Owing to the preparations for the annual concert, there was no December meeting, and the Society did not meet again until January, when a humorous meeting was given, which was very successful. The program consisted of several very laughable readings from modern humorous writers.

A very interesting and instructive meeting was held in February. The subject was Coleridge's immortal poem "The Ancient Mariner." Dr. O'Connor lent the Society a series of lantern slides, depicting scenes in the travels of the old sailor, and Miss Hawkins gave a talk on the poem.

The Society, besides managing the regular monthly meetings, has charge also of the general business in connection with the school, as a body of students. It controls the funds raised by the annual concert, which are to be spent in the best interests of the school and the pupils.

On the whole, the work of the Literary Society has been very satisfactory. The meetings are such that a member may get from them some idea of Parliamentary procedure, since all business is carried on according to parliamentary rules. Those taking part receive in that way, a training in public speaking and the transaction of business which, otherwise, they would not. The Society has made a good beginning. It is to be hoped that in the near future, it will continue to grow in popularity and influence.



Character

Character is one of the most influential powers in the world. At its best, it represents human nature in its highest and noblest form. A man may be clever, a brilliant orator or a popular author, and yet not exert as much influence as a comparatively commonplace person, whose life shows only truth, honesty, stability, and honor. He who possesses great strength of character, owns an inheritance far above millions of dollars, or many thousands of acres of land. This character is not acquired in a day. It takes many years, in building up, but he who has attained, it becomes a leader among his fellow-men.

A man's character is moulded in his home. It begins when he is only a few weeks old, and it depends upon the home he is brought up in, whether he will turn out at last, good or evil. With virtuous, thrifty, loving and industrious parents, we generally find a man worthy to be looked up to by others. On the other hand, from an evil home, we may expect to find a law-breaker, a felon, a disgrace to mankind.

The greatest influence in a man's life is his mother. It depends almost solely on her, whether, when the child grows up, he will be a good or bad man. One great man says: "A good mother is better than twenty school masters."

But one's character is not wholly formed at home. In reality, a man is more throughout all his life. He is more easily influenced while young than in mature years and therefore it is important in youth to choose good friends for it is from them he receives a part of his character. It is a true saying that "A man is known by the company he keeps" for human nature is very imitative, and he will be in a measure like his friends, good or bad, whichever they may be. Books are another class of friends which influence character in no slight degree and should therefore be selected with the utmost care.

Work is one of the surest and most effective means of elevating character. An idle person can never be happy, and slothfulness never leads to any thing but

degradation and poverty. Everyone must work; it is man's destiny, and it depends upon the amount accomplished, how much of a success or failure a life becomes. No one can escape trouble and sorrow in this world and it is not the slothful but the energetic who have the least of it. St. Paul says: "He that will not work, neither shall he eat." Work makes a character strong, independent, good and honorable.

Moral courage marks the highest order of mankind. The courage to be true, just, honest and to do one's duty. When many of the great discoverers first mentioned their projects, they were scoffed at and endured continual hardships during all their lives; but their discoveries lived after them and their names are handed down in the annals of history as famous men. Courage is also shown by people in their religious faith, for example, the early Christians, who suffered death and torture worse than death for the love of Christ.

Self-control is only another name for courage; but it is the root of all virtues. In practising it, one must exercise temperance, virtue and patience. If a man gives way to all his ruling passions, he loses his moral freedom, and is little better than an animal. And the only way to avoid this is to exercise self-control.

Duty, which is the watchword of human life, must be obeyed from early life until death, and the man who does not perform his duty, brings dishonor upon himself.

Cheerfulness is a beautiful virtue, and if one does not possess it, he should try to cultivate it. It always accompanies patience, which is one of the main conditions of happiness and success in life.

Wisdom can only be learnt in the school of experience. Those who like to live in solitude may be called selfish, for to every man belongs his share of experience in the world. Experience broadens a man's character, shows him himself, and others more plainly, and it is necessary to a man to try him, to make him firm, wise and tactful. Purity is that virtue without which no man shall see God.

NORMA M. A. JOHNSTONE.

Our High School Concert

It is a well known fact that each of our annual High School concerts excels all previous ones, therefore, even those who were not able to attend that of '09, will know it was most successful.

The main feature, or at least, one of the main features, was the presentation of some scenes from the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The actors were selected by an executive committee and were well suited to their parts. The scenes were chosen with a view to variety. Those who revel in sentiment could listen to Lysander pouring out his love to Hermia, and see Helena following Demetrius and beseeching his love. Titania and her fairies, white clad and silver spangled, presented a delicately lovely stage as they sang and talked, to the delight of the audience. When, however, the mechanics came on, there was scarcely a face in the audience that was not lit with a smile. For a time, at least, all forgot their worries in gazing upon the Athenian mechanics in their practice for, and rendering of, "The Most Lamentable Comedy and Cruel Death of Pyramus and Thisbe's." All were touched, and there were tears in many eyes, when Nick Bottom, the Weaver, in the role of Pyramus, finds Thistle's stained robe, and allows his grief to break forth in:

"Oh, dainty duck! Oh dear!

Thy mantle good,

What, stained with blood?

Approach ye furies fell!"

and falls on his sword. Thisbe's wild sorrow on discovery of her dead lord and her search for the "trusty sword" with which to slay herself, also stirred the audience. So realistic was the rendering that all were relieved to see them return alive to the stage at the close of the play when, lovers, fairies, duke and duchess-to-be, with the courtiers and mechanics—appeared and sang a sweet farewell before they faded back into dreamland.

But it must not be thought that the concert consisted only of the play. There was also the mock trial of Mr. Homework, for the alleged crime of ruining the eyesight of the young children in attend-

ance at the school. There were a number of witnesses and though his lawyer put up a good defence on his behalf, there was so much evidence brought forward, and so many cases of ill-treatment proved, that a verdict of "guilty" was thought by all hearers to be almost certain. The jury, however, recommended that owing to the many extenuating circumstances the defendant should be dismissed on suspended sentence and a slight fine be imposed.

Another important event was the meeting of the Woman's Congress to decide for all time the great question of Woman's Rights. Women of all ages and nations met, and with Queen Elizabeth in the chair, after a long and hot discussion, it was finally decided that henceforth women should have votes; and this not only for their own good, but for the good of all mankind.

The whole evening, however, was not taken up with the consideration of such weighty matters. There were things in lighter vein, such as the boys' chorus, whose rendering of "My Wife's Gone to the Country," received great applause. There were also two choruses by the whole school, and a beautiful instrumental was given by Miss Reta Sasnowsky. The address of welcome, by Lee Bull, earlier in the evening was delivered in a masterly manner and Miss Dora Van Alstyne gave express to the feeling of her class in the valedictory. Owing to the absence of Mr. Campbell the report of the school was given the first night, by Miss Hawkins. A bouquet of roses and white carnations was presented to her by the school, as a token of their gratitude for her kindness in assisting them in the preparation of the programme. The next evening Mr. Campbell was able to be present.

The concert was brought to a close by two striking tableaux, representing the Daughters of Israel, first "In Captivity," and second "In Triumph." The curtain was drawn amid great applause and "God Save the King" was sung.

Special mention must be made of the kindness of Madame Rutherford, who trained the pupils for the general choruses. The pupils will not soon forget her unwearied courtesy in assisting them with the practices before the concert.

The Iron Chest

BY GORDON A. CAMPBELL

Samkin Howard was a mason. His father before him had been a mason, also his grandfather; in fact, the Howards claimed with some pride that there had been masons in the family ever since Edward the Confessor built Westminster Abbey, when the original Howard had come over from Normandy in search of land but, being pressed to work as a laborer, he finally settled down in England, married and founded the line of masons of which Samkin was the last. Up to 1350, the Howards had been fairly well-to-do as peasants of their class. Samkin's father had owned a little property near London, kept some stock, and not being given to the riotous amusements of his day, he was able to save a few pounds against hard times. He had entertained some hopes that his only son would enter a monastery and become a monk, but the sturdy Samkin had no desire to enter any such life and he refused decidedly to follow any occupation other than that of his father. So the boy began life as a mason and the family had more prosperity than ever.

In 1349 the Black Death swept over England cutting down thousands of men and women in all conditions of life, rich and poor, lord and peasant, this terrible disease killed them without discrimination. This calamity was the ruin of thousands of homes; in some cases the father died and the family was left without support, in others the whole family was swept away or only one or two remained alive.

Such was the case in the home of Samkin Howard, for both his father and his mother had fallen a prey to the plague and he was left alone with a few acres of land and his ability to work, his sole means of support. In any other time he could have made his living by working at his trade, but in the hard times that followed the Black Death, there was very little building carried on and consequently there was little work for a mason. Needless to say Samkin

sank into a condition of very wretched poverty in which we find him at the beginning of our story.

It was a chilly October night, and the cold north wind pierced through many chinks in the walls and holes in the thatch of our hero's lonesome-looking cottage, blowing the smoke from the meagre peat fire on the hearth around the rudely furnished room instead of out the chimney. On a block of wood Samkin was seated endeavoring to warm his hands at the fire. That poverty had not driven him to despair could be seen by the hopeful expression on his face. Suddenly he looked up, for there was a knock at the door, very timidly at first, then louder. Samkin sprang up, opened the door, and a monk entered with the usual salutation. What could a monk want of him at so late an hour? The reverend father however, soon made his business known. In his dwelling there was a chest of very valuable parchments, which he wanted built into a vault, but being unable to do the task himself, he must obtain the services of a good mason. He had known Samkin as one of the best of his trade and would willingly have him do the work but there was one condition: that he must consent to be led blindfold to the house. Samkin assented and the monk drew forth a thick band of cloth, blindfolded him and led him into the road.

For a time the way was so familiar that Samkin knew exactly where he was, but soon they left the main road and followed paths that twisted and turned until he no longer knew the lay of the land, but he guessed they were somewhere in London. Presently the monk stopped, and there was the gating of a key in a lock; then they entered a very damp smelling passage which opened into what seemed to be a larger room. The dropping of water could be plainly heard. Here the cloth was removed from Samkin's eyes and he found himself in a spacious dimly-lighted chamber, in the

centre of which was a large white marble fountain, curiously carved, from which water was continually rising into the air and falling again into a tank at the base. On the floor there was a heap of stone and mortar. To these the monk pointed and to a hollow place in the wall. Samkin immediately set to work and in about four hours he had completed a small vault. The monk now asked him to help carry in the chest and led the way to a closet in which was an iron box strongly clasped and rivetted. It was about four feet long, two feet wide and one foot deep, so that when Samkin lifted his end of it, thinking a box of papers would be light, he was surprised to find it extremely heavy. When they were shoving it into the vault, the chest slipped a little to one side so that it was suddenly jolted and within it, there was the unmistakable clinking of coin. The vault was then sealed up, all marks of the work cleared away, and the monk presented Samkins with several pieces of gold, thanking him for his services and blindfolding him as before. He was then led back through the damp corridor and the crooked roads, until they stopped before his house, when the monk said farewell, turned and disappeared into the darkness.

Samkin had more comfort from his few gold pieces than he had had for many months, but they were soon all spent and he was again as bad off as before. However, times became better and he was able to support himself by working at his trade. As years went by, he married and was very happy, although he and his wife were often in need. He often thought of the chest of gold which he had built into the vault and wondered if he would ever be able to find the room with the marble fountain again.

One day he had a visit from a miserly old landlord whom he knew to be very avaricious. This old rascal owned on the outskirts of London several tumble-down houses which were badly in repair and he wanted Samkin to build in new chimneys and patch up the holes in the walls. There was also a house which he could not rent because one room was said to be

haunted by the ghost of a monk who was sometimes seen to pace up and down, making a clinking noise like the rattle of chains. He wanted the door of this room built up.

Samkin gladly undertook the task and went to the place to which the land-lord had directed him and found several old rookeries which were indeed in need of repair. Before setting to work he resolved to go through each of the buildings and estimate how much work he must put on them. The first was that one which was reputed to be haunted, and indeed its gloomy exterior suggested that it might be an ideal stalking place for ghosts. However, he entered the great front door and found himself in a long passage, the walls of which were covered with moisture. There was also a moist odor which seemed strangely familiar to him although he could not recall where he had smelled it before. Proceeding, he came to a larger room which to his astonishment and joy he recognised as the same room in which he had built the vault ten years before. There was the white marble fountain whose peculiar sculpture could not be mistaken, although the water was not rising from the top of it as it had been when he last saw it. He saw and remembered the very stones he had built into the wall.

So Samkin went to work with a merry heart and when he had finished repairing the chimneys and patching up the holes, he astonished the old land-lord by offering to rent the haunted house. A bargain was struck and as soon as he had possession he tore away the wall of the vault and sure enough there was the iron chest. A few blows with an axe and the cover flew open revealing an immense amount of money in gold coin, besides a great number of precious stones of almost inestimable value. Whether the money belonged to him by legal right or not did not trouble him for it was in his possession, and possession was half the battle.

In this way Samkin Howard became very wealthy and it may be said to his credit that he used his wealth wisely. He gave much to the church and helped many who were in circumstances as wretched as his own had once been. He became so powerful on account of his riches that the King made him a Baron and his heirs were Barons until the Wars of the Roses, when his last descendent fell at the second battle of St. Alban's.

The July Examinations, 1909

JUNIOR TEACHERS.

MISS S. GOWAN, (*Honours*.)

MISS D. VANALSTYNE.

MISS P. RUNDLE.

MR. W. HUTTY, (*Honours*).

JUNIOR MATRICULATION.

MISS S. GOWAN.

MISS I. FAIRBAIRN.

MISS J. BULL.

MR. W. HUTTY.

MR. E. PEAREN.

MR. R. LINDSAY.

PARTIAL MATRICULATION.

MISS E. GOULDING.

We have every reason to be proud of the examination reports for 1909. Owing to the higher standards, 60% on the or less influenced by those about him, whole, and the very severe examinations set, less than 40% of the candidates who wrote on the Junior Teachers' examinations all over the Province, were successful. Of the Weston H. S. candidates for this examination all were successful, and 50% of the class took Honours, 75% on the whole. In Matriculation the school was almost equally successful, as only one of those recommended was unsuccessful. We wish a similar success to the class of 1910.

Teasing Friend.—What makes that new baby at your house cry so much Tommy?

Tommy, (indignantly)—It doesn't cry much and anyway if all your teeth were out, and your hair off and your legs so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying yourself.

School Master—Johnnie, tell me the thoughts that passed through Sir Isaac Newton's mind, when the apple fell on his head.

Johnnie—I expect, sir, that he was awful glad that it wasn't a brick.

Review of the Winter's Sports

The winter sports are always greatly enjoyed. They were to some, however, a disappointment this year. At the beginning of the season a good rink was made, but the boys came to the conclusion that they would rather skate and play hockey than flood it, and consequently it soon ceased to exist. We cannot say we did not gain anything by it for during the week or so that it was in operation every pupil made good use of it and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

As hockey was our chief sport this winter I can go further into detail. The little hockey that was begun on the school rink was continued throughout the winter on the local rink. We had both a Junior and Senior hockey team which worked faithfully to bring honors to the old school.

The first game of the season was played between the Juniors and the Public School. Although the teams were well matched the former proves to be the superior and won by a score of 2—0. The Senior team started and a few interesting games followed, between them and a picked team from the town. Although the students were not looked upon as winners on account of their size as compared with the opponents they made things interesting for them. On Feb. 22nd, the Boys in the Blue and White went after them, and after a game struggle were defeated by 5-3 in the greatest game of the season. On March 10th, another game was played, but were again sent home with the same result. A few hopes yet remained and another game was pulled off on March 15th, when the Rah! Rah! boys were again defeated by a score of 5-2. Our opponents the "All Stars" won all around by a margin of 8 goals. What our fast little team could have done with a team of their own size is unknown, but it shows that there are still a few good sports in the school who know a little about the game.

Although the above games were, perhaps, the most important ones, it is not mete that we should over look the minor meet thot we should over look the minor

ones. On March 5th, the Public School infants came back at our Juniors more determined than before, but went home with another defeat, this time by 4-3. Another exhibition of hockey was seen on Feb. 16th, when our Senior team had no trouble in defeating the St. Alban seven by 10-1. Had the "rooters" been as faithful in other games as in the one last mentioned the figures in some places would undoubtedly been different.

Boxing matches were also a frequent occurrence in the basement during the winter and afforded good sport to the Pugilistic followers. Present indications show that there is going to be "some sport" around the school this spring. Basket-ball and Baseball teams are to be organized in the near future and new equipment installed. A lacrosse league containing the surrounding High Schools is now under consideration and may be introduced. We wish you good luck boys in your sporting undertakings.

Arnold Smith

History of Weston School

Weston High School has passed its fiftieth year by three mile stones, but the boys and girls of to-day are much the same as its first pupils half a century ago, only the present are more ambitious in their undertakings and refined in their mischievous propensities, so the pupils now think.

The Ex-pupils Association three years ago recounted the history of the school and advertised its triumphs so becomingly that we do not think necessary to go over the same historical and reminiscent field again, however, interesting. Suffice it to say that much is being done by the present Executive of the Literary Society to preserve its best traditions, and to cultivate an active scientific and literary spirit in those who throng its classic halls and tread its time-worn ways to-day.

And now the time is drawing near, more inevitable, if that may be, than the Reform of the House of Lords, when it will be no longer the old school, but the new—the modern equipment, but the old traditions in the new, the memory of what

has been achieved by the former students and the ambition to surpass the successes of even its most prominent Ex-pupils.

The esprit de corps of the school is evidenced in many ways; and the poetic spirit! Hear ye not the Slogan! Esto perpetua! It bursts forth in the blood-curdling, but fraternal yells manufactured by some of the hard workers in breathing spells between the classes; it reveals itself in the blue and the white, and finds glad vent in the social life of the school.

In the brief introduction there's the thought of the transition of the school into a larger life. We look forward with hope, and backward with some pride and satisfaction, but only that we may go forward with surer and firmer step.

Then here's to the girls and boys of the old,
And here's to the teachers who earned their gold.
Likewise to the men whose minds controlled
Its varying fortune, and who enrolled
For the thanks they got, and for Education.

And here's to the boys and girls of the new,
To the teachers who'll rule and tutor too,
To the Boards who'll meet and sometimes chew
But in the end their faith renew
In the good old school and for Education.

A negro boy came running down a lane
very fast as if he was stealing out of a garden.

"What are you runnig for Mose?"
called the owner of the garden from a barn.

"I ain't a-runninfor," shouted back
Mose, "I'se a-runnin' from."

School "Yell"

Get-a-veevo, get-a-vivo,
Get-a-veevo, vivo-vum,
Vum, get a cat trap,
Bigger than a rat-trap,
Vum, get a rat-trap,
Bigger than a cat-trap,
DARK BLUE—LIGHT BLUE,
Sis-oom, bah!
WESTON HIGH SCHOOL,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Our Sleigh Ride

In mid-winter, making a pleasant break in the steady school work, a much-anticipated event took place. This was the annual High School sleigh-ride, which was held on Thursday, January 27th.

Arrangements had been made some days before to obtain the hall and rink at Thornhill. The girls provided refreshments and the boys, after some hesitation, decided to furnish part of the money for the expenses. The rest was taken from the funds of the Literary Society.

The weather was soft, and rain seemed probable, but this did not prevent the pupils from attending, or dampen in the least, the spirits of the jolly crowd. At nine o'clock four loads of cheering boys and girls left the High School grounds. During the merry drive the other teams endeavored to pass the First Form load, which was leading. Although some fast racing took place, their efforts were unsuccessful. After a pleasant ride of two and a half hours the loads drove into Thornhill, bringing the people rushing to the doors and windows by the stirring "High School Yells."

The jolly crowd unloaded at the Town Hall, where good fires were burning and tables set out. After partaking of a good dinner of sandwiches and hot coffee provided and served by the girls everyone went down to the large covered rink, which had been engaged for the afternoon. The ice was rather soft, but still everyone enjoyed a good afternoon's skate. About half past four the scholars returned to the hall and, after eating a hearty supper, they went out coasting on the splendid Thornhill hills, or went "bobbing."

About six o'clock the loads started home, singing nearly all the way. It had grown colder and all were glad that the sleighs were well provided with robes. At a quarter to nine they arrived in Weston, drove down to Main Street, and then unloaded at the corner of King and North Station streets. Everyone, although tired, had had a good time, and the sleigh-ride had been a complete success.

The Astonishing Adventure of Peter Bagg

BY PENELOPE PUMPERNICKEL

A learned man was Peter Bagg,
A prodigy of learning;
For people said that Peter knew
All information old and new,
From "how to make an Irish Stew,"
To Anthropedic churning.

His brow was high, his hair was white
His mien was calm and serious;
And Tommy Brown the village wag,
Said that the face of Peter Bagg
Would petrify a honest nag
Or drive a pig delirious.

He knew the names of all the stars,
Was strong in Greek Mythology.
He'd heard of Nigni Novgorod,
Could quote a poem by Thomas Hood,
And the equal footing stood,
With Newman in Theology.

He read the plays of Sophocles,
And talked of things parabolous.
Conversed in Greek and Soudanese
And spoke North Polandish with ease
And told his friends that Roman fleas,
Were raised by Heliogobabulus.

One night this learned gentleman,
While toking a preamble.
Was musing as the learned do,
On how to act, and what to do,
In case the ceiling should fall through,
And so avoid a scramble.

But has he passed a stable door,
An animal named Towser,
Let one loud and long drawn yell,
And after that what happened? well,
In less time than it takes to tell,
He had him by the trouser.

The learned man walked sadly home,
His face was bent with sorrow,
But suddenly a smile o'erspread
His face, and lifting up his head,
His visage brightened as he said,
"I'll get it patched to-morrow."

German Teacher—Wie kommest du Herr.

Sleepy Third Former—I comb it myself, sir.

Old Man—What! You wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere school girl yet.

Young Man—Yes, I know that. I came early to avoid the rush.

The Tables Turned

A Story of Boy Scouting

BY ROY STEWART

It was a dreary November night. The wind whistled through the tall, bleak trees that lined the roadside, and the moon occasionally peeped from behind the black, gloomy clouds which rolled across the sky and cast its silvery rays upon the lonely road that wound away into the distance and appeared like the coils of a giant snake.

Along this lonely road a boy about seventeen years age was walking rapidly in the direction of his home. Notwithstanding his dreary surroundings, he walked merrily along, singing and whistling as if he were accompanied by his companions instead of being alone in the immediate neighborhood of an old house that was supposed to be haunted.

Ralph Campbell (for such was his name) was a tall, wiry fellow, with a kind, intelligent face, but the square chin and the look in the clear blue eyes showed courage and determination. Ralph was the captain of an organization of boy scouts. These fellows, who were about ten in number, were all healthy, manly lads, who did all in their power to help the poor and oppressed. Many a poor old woman had thanked them for supplying her with wood, while on one occasion they had prevented the robbery of a bank and had been so successful that they captured three of the robbers. Ralph, the favorite, was chosen as their captain.

There was a band of toughs who strove to make things as hard as possible for the boy scouts. On this particular night they were lying in wait for Ralph, since he had that day given their leader, a big, brutish fellow, a good thrashing for insulting an old lady. With feelings of revenge the conspirators now lay in wait for their unsuspecting victim.

Suddenly, as Ralph came opposite the old log house, a piercing shriek rang through the air. This caused Ralph to come to a sudden stop. He stood lis-

tening for a repetition of the shout. In a few seconds another ear-splitting yell came from the vicinity of the old building. There was no other house within half a mile, and Ralph, discerning the direction from which the sound came, dashed courageously toward the spot. His practice as a scout served him well now. With the stealth and cunning of an Indian, he crept towards the house.

It was a queer-looking affair, this old building. Built of logs not yet decayed; with one solitary window securely boarded up with planks, and the huge oaken door battered by many storms, this gloomy old place, with its ghostly surroundings looked like a prison for the dead. The door stood open, and Ralph, after peering cautiously in, entered. He had no sooner crossed the threshold than the door closed with a loud bang, shaking the whole building with the force of its contact against the casement.

As the door flew shut, Ralph thought he saw a form step from behind it. Like a flash his hand flew to his pocket for the revolver that he always carried, but before he could draw it, two or three of the fellows had pounced on him from behind and pinioned his hands to his sides. In spite of his strength, the plucky lad was bound hand and foot, but not as secure as his captors imagined, for he had loosened the cords on his wrists while they were being bound, and so when he contracted the muscles of his arms the cords securing them were quite loose. Ralph was aware of this fact, and it was not long before he benefited by it. He soon had his hands free, and then it was an easy task to undo the cords binding his legs. He had by this time become aware of the fact that his captors were the band of jealous rowdies, who were always endeavoring to injure the reputation of his followers. He guessed at once that the shrieking was a scheme to cause his capture, and he resolved, after releasing himself, to find out their purpose for capturing him.

Several of the wierd-looking forms enveloped in white sheets, glided swiftly and silently across the room in his

direction. The one who acted as their leader carried a dark lantern in his hand, and cast its rays full on the face of the captive. Ralph, who had replaced the ropes loosely around his legs, drew his revolver, placed his arms behind his back, and leaned back against the wall in the position in which they had left him. The leader took up his position in front of the captive with his arms folded, and began to acquaint Ralph of his fate.

"Dog," he said, fiercely, "you who are the leader of a crowd of baby-hearted infants, listen to me, the leader of this band of manly, stout-hearted men. My learned followers and myself have decided on the character of your fate, which is this: You are to hang by the feet from yonder beam and be swung back and forth until exhaustion conquers your poor, weak nerves. A few dips in yonder bucket of water will restore your idiotic wits to action; then you will again dangle from yonder beam, this time as a target for that pile of nice hard snowballs in the corner there. In the meantime, while preparations are being made for your entertainment, accept this as a reminder of your condition and as a compliment in return for your valuable services to-day."

With this last remark, the speaker made a vicious punch at Ralph's mouth. But his clenched fist never landed at the intended point, for Ralph quickly slide aside, and allowed his tormentor's fist to come in contact with the rather hard wall. The next instant the big, burly fellow found himself looking down the barrel of an ugly-looking six-shooter. It was now Ralph's turn to take the offensive.

"Now," he commanded, "be so kind as to give me that lantern, for by the unsteady way in which your limbs are moving, you seem to be unusually agitated. Thank you," he said, as the frightened wretch, quaking with fear, complied with his command. "Noble sirs," he continued, turning to the rest of his late tormentors, and sending the light full in their faces, "I bid you good-night, wishing you many pleasant

dreams. Meanwhile, if any of this valorous band wish to become acquainted with the shooting powers of this harmless cap-gun, they may do so by showing an inclination to leave this comfortable abode before daybreak. Farewell for the present."

In the meantime, Ralph had edged his way towards the door. With these last words he opened it, and after firing a shot in the direction of their leader's big toe, he closed and securely locked the large oak door by means of a stout hook that his quick eye had discovered.

After firing a farewell shot into the air as a warning to the imprisoned ghosts, Ralph turned homewards. He saw visions of phantoms and ghosts that night, and awoke in the morning with a belief that he was dangling head downwards from the ceiling of his room.

That morning, the disguised ghosts were released amid the jeers and taunts of the bystanders. Ralph could hardly restrain his followers from giving the sleepy, shivering cowards a good sound licking. He held them in check, however, and their victims slunk away, feeling that in the future they "would never trouble trouble till trouble troubled them."

One on Me

We had six umbrellas at our house, but they were broke and needed fixing. I took them all down town one day to be repaired, and that day I had umbrellas on the brain. After getting dinner I began to walk away with a lady's umbrella, who was sitting near me. She ran after me saying, "What do you mean by taking my umbrella?" I begged her pardon, and stated it was an oversight. On my way home with my six umbrellas I sat opposite this lady on the car, whose umbrella I had taken in mistake. She looked over at me and my six umbrellas and said sweetly: "You have had a good day to-day, haven't you? It's too bad you didn't get mine."

The Literary Society's At-home

A new feature which is distinctly a break in the usual yearly routine of Weston High School life was the very successful At-Home given by the members of the Literary Society in the assembly rooms of Weston Club on March 30. Several years have passed since the school has undertaken an affair of this kind, but this fact did not prevent the students of this year from determining to do something which would show the public that there was still plenty of life and energy about them.

There were about two hundred people present in the club-rooms, which were beautifully decorated by flowers and ferns loaned kindly by Mr. A. M. Barton. Glionna's orchestra supplied excellent music, which was very much appreciated by the guests. The first order of the evening was a short literary programme, consisting of short addresses by the President, Mr. Harstone, and Mr. Verral. Miss Sadie Gowan read a very humorous selection from Lover's "Handy Andy," and the solos by Miss Erma Irwin were much enjoyed by the audience. After the programme an hour was spent in games, followed by refreshments. Then the remainder of the evening was taken up with dancing and games. The party broke up at 12 o'clock, everyone having had a good time.

Teacher (to a first form boy who has been throwing things around the room)—Jones, be careful where you are throwing those things; you just missed me.

Jones—Did I? I'm awfully sorry.

Our Field Day

Our Annual "Field Day" was held this year, about the middle of September, on the Weston Fair Grounds. It is an event which is looked forward to for many days by both boys and girls. The boys were practicing steadily for the different events long before the appointed day. The girls were equally busy arranging plans to serve refreshments to the pupils after the games. The afternoon which was set apart as a holiday for the games finally came, and everywhere were to be seen friends of the pupils and ex-pupils, once more assembling to renew acquaintance and to enjoy themselves together. The weather was not very favourable, nevertheless, shortly after one o'clock a large number were on the grounds.

The games were keenly contested, in each event, which made it very interesting for those looking on. When the games were almost over, the pleasure was marred by a sudden down-pour of rain, and everyone was forced to retire to the hall, where the girls served refreshments. The remainder of the games were run off the following night after four, and proved a great success. Messrs. Cameron McRae and Frank Hamilton tied for senior championship, while Mr. Percy Smithson secured the junior championship. Valuable medals were given for first, in each event, and good books for second. In spite of the unfavourable weather, everyone went home in good spirits, having spent a very enjoyable holiday, and pronounced this year's "Field Day," the best in the history of the school.

Teacher—"Class, how many months have twenty-eight days?"

"All of them," replied a small boy at the foot of the class.



Personals

Mr. Roy Lindsay is taking a special course at Technical High School before entering Toronto University. Miss Pearl Rundle is attending Normal.

Among those who have moved away and are now attending other High Schools are: At Upper Canada College, Mr. L. Cumpston; at Harbord St. Collegiate, Messrs. Gordon and Frank Hamilton.

Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Gordon Campbell, for the success of our Literary Society, during the past year. Its success was due to his careful management and forethought and it is a credit to our school.

In nearly all the surrounding Public Schools are to be found graduates of Weston High School teaching. In Weston Public School are the Misses Pearson, Marwell, Bell. At Smithfield, Miss Edna Coulter. Highfield, Miss Nattress, and at Swansea Miss M. Fairbairn.

Miss Hawkins sails on April 2nd from New York to France where she intends to take a Post graduate course at the "Sorbonne" Paris. Miss Phelps, B. A., of Eglington, is to take charge of the work in Moderns, English and History, until midsummer. Miss Phelps is an Honor Graduate, and a Specialist and has had successful experience as a teacher. Miss Hawkins will resume her duties in September.

Among those who have left us and are now doing well in the West are Messrs. Jas. McLellan, Hammond and William Wardlaw.

We are pleased to be able to report that Miss Helen Packham, who of late has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, is able to be among us once more.

Weston High School has every reason to be proud of her graduates. Among those attending Toronto University in the Faculty of Arts are the Misses A. Coon, L. Sims, L. Lyons, M. McLennan, and Messrs. S. Farr, H. K. Hamilton and Wellington Huty. Faculty of Medicine, H. L. Rowntree and F. Lougheed. Faculty of Applied Science, Messrs. M. B. Watson, A. W. Pearson, F. K. Dalton. At Knox College, H. B. Johnston; and at McMaster, Miss M. Fairbairn.

Mr. J. C. Harstone, our new principal, will enter upon his duties on April 4th. Mr. Harstone is an honor graduate of Toronto University and medalist in the department of mathematics. He has had twenty years successful experience as High School Principal and ranks as one of the foremost educationalists in the province. Mr. Harstone is recommended by those who know him as an exceptionally strong teacher and disciplinarian and a gentleman of refinement and force whose influence upon those under his charge is always for the best things.



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